

Puck

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THE TWO DRUMMERS.

JOHN BULL.—Hi say, ye know, you 're takin' away all me old customers!

UNCLE SAM.—Well, John, what you need is American hustle. Now, that we 've come to be so friendly, may be you 'll learn it.



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NO TELLING.

FERDY.—I love you bettaw than my—aw—life! Weally I—aw—do!
ETHEL.—Ah, Ferdy! But how do I know but that you are one of those
Hobson or Funston sort of men, who value their lives at naught?

SOMETHING WRONG.

CAN'T SEE why they persist in calling General Swimmerton,
the brilliant Philippine campaigner, young?" remarked
Mr. Hoon, looking up from his newspaper.

"Why, because he is only twenty-six or twenty-
seven years old, of course!" returned Mrs. Hoon.

"Yes; I know they give that as his age,
but don't you believe it! I have been keep-
ing tab on him lately, and have figured
that if he went to school at seventeen differ-
ent places and remained from four to ten years in each
place, as has been proudly stated by his former school-
mates, and was also in love with something like forty-seven
different girls—we'll say, a month with each—all of
whom had the honor of rejecting him; and had spent as
much time exploring in Alaska, Mexico, Honduras and
other places, and in fighting in Cuba, as the papers claim,
and visited his multitudinous relatives only one day apiece,
and devoted the usual and necessary amount of time to being
an infant, he must now be at least two hundred and seventy-
nine years old!"

AT THE SEASHORE.

"Mama," said the city child, who had vivid recollections of the
public parks, "is n't it a wonder they don't put up a sign, 'Please keep
off the sand?'"

IN LUZON.

"Did you ever read Xenophon's account of the Retreat of the Ten
Thousand?" asked his friend.

"Why should I?" asked Aguinaldo. "He could n't give me any
points about retreating."

GOLF is really a much better game than some of the people who belong
to golf clubs would lead you to believe.

WIFEY'S LETTER.

MR. NEWLYWED (*reading letter from his
wife, at the Shore*).—"My own darling Hub-
by:—A thousand kisses—could you send me
fifty dollars at once? There is a dear; and
I will not ask you for any more until I write
again. I will try and make that last until I need
some more. If you decide to come down Satur-
day go to the ticket-scalper's at Broadway and
'Steenth Street and you can save twenty-five or
fifty cents on it; there is nothing like economy. If
you could send me seventy-five instead of fifty it would
save me writing again before next week. I have to
pay two cents for every stamp I use; the extortion of
these hotel-keepers is something frightful! Good-by and much love from
your economical little
WIFEY."



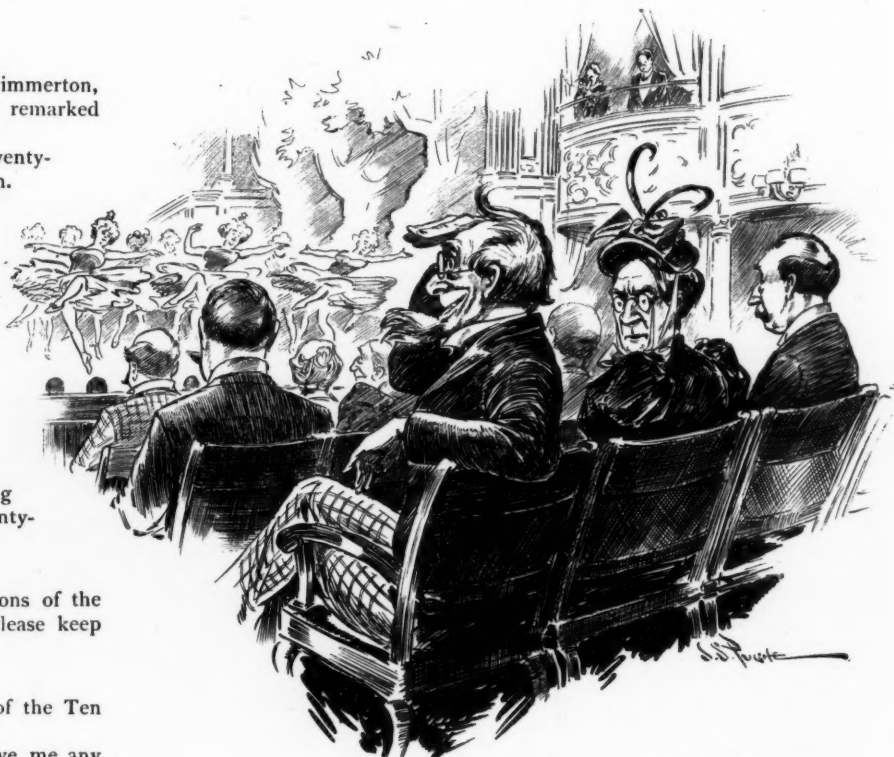
AT LEAST ONE THING.

"I have now nothing to live for!" despairingly moaned the dis-
appointed suitor.

"What!" exclaimed the cruel coquette in evident surprise; "are you
not aware that Dewey is on his way home?"

TO THE SUMMER BREEZES.

We are far from salty waters,
We are weary and careworn;
May the woolly lamb have tempered winds
As well as one that's shorn.



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AT THE BALLET.

MRS. HAYRICK (*first act*).—Joshua Hayrick, give me your spectacles
right this minute! Take them right off and hand them over, or back we
go to the hotel at once!

WEDDED BLISS

Do you recollect, my Constance,
Ere our wedded life began,
How we planned the rosy future—
Planned as only lovers can?
How we sat, my arm about you—
(Interruption.) "Hubby, dear, where's the baby?
Have you seen him?"
And you said—
"Get out of here! Can't you see that I am writing?"
And you said that you'd be true,
While a love that knows no language
Shone within your eyes of blue?

Or remember how we wandered,
Hand in hand, beside the brook,
And you whispered—
"George! the baby's gone! Oh, please get up and
look! Well, you need n't be so cranky! You just sit and
write and write, and our baby may be dying!"
And you whispered, while the light—
"George!" —the light of love—
Your dreamy—
"George!!!"
Your dreamy eye forsook,
And the night of trouble gathered—
"Have you hunted every nook?"
And the night of trouble gathered
On your brow, so snowy white—
Whispered of a heart that doubted,
Longing to be set aright?

And remember when the golden bells
Proclaimed that we were wed,
And your father bade me—
"George, come here! He's crawled beneath the bed!"
—your father bade me—
"Kiss him, dear! he's bumped his little head!"
And your father bade me guard you well,
And bowed his aged head?



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Ah! the days go by like phantom boats,
Adown the stream of time;
But the sweetest days,
The fleetest days,
Are those of "auld lang syne!"

E. S. Safford.



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TRIALS OF SUMMER.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the Cow, contemplating her offspring despairingly,
"if you have n't gone and got your feet all covered with mud again! And we're liable
to be sketched or photographed any minute, too!"

HIS PREDICAMENT.

"WELL,—HIC!—by jing!" ejaculated Mr. Lushington, as he gazed at his reflection in the mirror. "That beats the dick—hic!—ens! I think I feel just one of me here, and I think I see two of me there. Two and one is—hic!—three. Now, am I really triplets, or only one? If I'm only one, then I've—hic!—taken too many so many—that is, so too many—er—er—let's see; so many drinks too many that I'm seeing—hic!—double. And if I am really triplets, then, by jing! it don't seem possible that I've drank enough to make all—hic!—three of us as thundering full as I feel!"

WHAT THEY ARE.

"Pa, what are pajamas?"
"Pajamas, my son, are a happy medium between a Mother Hubbard and a smoking-jacket."

A MONOTONIST.

NOEL LITTLE.—Fuddy says a good thing, occasionally.
BRYTON EARLY.—Yes; but one gets tired hearing it.

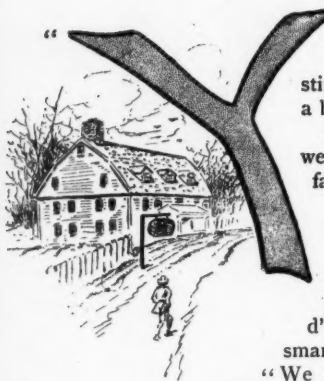
[T is doubtful whether the fountain pen is mightier than the sword.

STIFFY & BROS.

BY BOARDYARD STRIPLING.

[NOTE.—To prevent misapprehension, it is well to explain that the scene of this story is not laid in a lunatic asylum but in an English Public School, and the aim is to show the superiority of the British youth, and to explain where they get the gentle manners and refined speech which endear them to the civilized world. If the reader can not understand, he is expected to admire.]

I.



"X WILL, will ye?" said Stiffy, giving Pinchbug a kick. "Drop that bloomin' stogy and pass the ham pie. That 's biznai," he added, as O'Sweeney stirred the beer with the poker. They were having a brew in Number 5, humorously called a "study."

"I was afraid that rotten precept was on to the weed," said Pinchbug, dropping an ink-pot on a fag's head who was passing beneath the window.

"Why did n't you jolly well slay him?" asked O'Sweeney.

"O! bother the ass!" exclaimed Stiffy, with that impudent air which endeared him to the whole school. "He 's hung up now. What d' ye say, fellers, we go out and do somethin' smart?"

"We 're doin' somethin' smart all the time," said O'Sweeney. "I am surprised myself at the brilliancy of our remarks."

"They will go thunderin' down to history," said Pinchbug, decisively.

"Shut your fat mouth or I 'll slay you!" cried Stiffy. "You ought to be hung awf'ly. My hat! S'pose we go out of bounds and shoot a cat, or somethin' bold like that, to keep up the interest?"

"Good for old Stiffy," said Pinchbug. "This will give the Head a chance to lick us, and a British youth always enjoys a lickin' when he is n't gruelin' a fag. Pass over another stogy."

"It 's a fleur de sewer!" cried O'Sweeney, joyously. "Come, and I 'll show you a dirty old shed where we can sit in the muck and enjoy ourselves."

II.

There was great excitement in the school. The Head has gone up to town and left the pupils in charge of the under-teachers, who all talked with a cockney dialect, and whom nobody loved. Stiffy & Bros. were in high glee, and Stiffy, in his luminous way suggested that the Head had been locked up for "hackin' the chucker-out of the Pavvy on the shins."

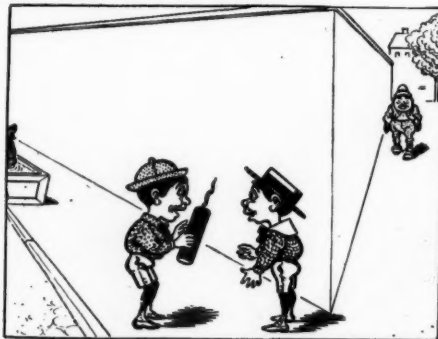
Stiffy & Bros. had been carrying on like all-possessed. As no one ever studied anything but Latin in the school, there was plenty of time for sport. They had locked a lot of common farmers in a cow stable, bored holes with a hot poker in a mantelpiece, licked eight or nine boys, not including fags, thrown many ink-pots around the alleged school-room, hidden a dead cat in a dormitory, and behaved otherwise in an exquisitely humorous fashion. For these pranks they had been gated and given eleven thousand lines of Latin to write out.

Now they had been caught pretending to lend money or sassin' a house-master or something like that. It is not necessary to be clear in this story.

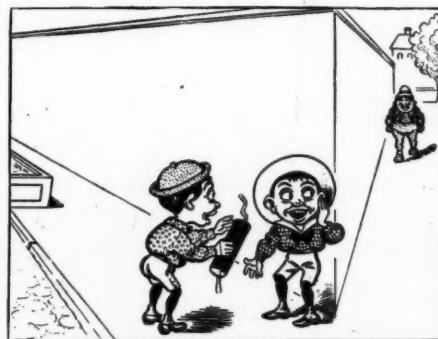
"I spoke the giddy truth," said Pinchbug. "That swine thinks you are a filthy Shylock, O'Sweeney!"

HOW WANDERING WILLY OBTAINED MEANS TO CELEBRATE.

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YOUTHFUL PATRIOT.—Say, Bill, just look at dis big cracker! I paid twenty-five cents fer it. We can't afford to t'row it in de street. How can we have some fun wid it?



"I'll tell yer what we 'll do. Here 's a string and we 'll tie de cracker on dis sleepy-lookin' tramp's coat and den light it. Say! we 'll not have a t'ing but fun!"

"Listen to your Uncle Stiffy," said that youth. "I have an idea. Let us march together and shout out somethin' bloomin' simple."

This was agreed to; so they locked arms and cried in chorus: "Figs! I gloat! I gloat! Eheu! Eheu! I gloat! Figs!"

"Young gentlemen," said a housemaster, making his appearance and vainly trying to hide his



WANDERING WILLY (to himself)—It 's in me nature to be patriotic, but how can I do it widout even a nickel to buy a beer?



"Well, may be somethin' 'll turn up afore the day 's over."



"I wonder what dem boys is laughin' at, back dere?"



A PUBLIC NUISANCE.

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MRS. LEVY.—Did you hear dot Cohenstein vos going to start a public nuisance right across der vay?

MRS. ISAACS.—Ach, no! I heard he vos going to start a bicycle store!

MRS. LEVY.—Vell, vot else vould you call dot? Choost t'ink how dose rubber tires vill schmell ven dere burning!

"You 're too beastly plausible," said Stiffy. "Now, then, we 've got to stir up some kind of a row, so that the Head will have a chance to lick us. No British boy is any good in after-life unless he 's licked. Go and break a pane of glass, ye idiot!"

"Let 's insult a teacher," suggested Pinchbug. "That will show how jolly bold we are. Or suppose O'Sweeney plays marbles in the corridor. That will show originality."



"I'd better investigate. What's dat I hear sputterin' like fire goin' inter water?"



"Gee-whizz! Dat's one on me! Dat was a lucky backward move. Say! but de cracker ain't hurt me a bit. De fuse is only a little damp on de end, which I kin break off."



(As he meets a crowd further up the street). — "Which of you little boys will give five cents for this big shootin' - cracker? Dere, Curley, it's yours; you spoke first."

agony, "you are to report to the Head for a caning."

Three minutes later the affable Head was vigorously thrashing the three young men until their flesh stood out in wales. Oh! how proud they were to undergo this thoroughly British discipline, because they knew that it was the proper training for future officers in the army and navy.

"The Head's a downy bird," said Stiffy, when they were back in No. 5. "Now we'll have a two-and-four-pence brew."

"Yes; we'll have a rotten old time," assented Pinchbug. "I gloat! I gloat! Figs!"

"You won't gloat next week," said O'Sweeney; "when you're swottin' for exams."

Then Stiffy kicked his two roommates all around No. 5.

III.

"Let's do somethin' to show how noble we are," said Stiffy, "or else people will tumble to the fact that we are only three ordinary boys tryin' to be funny."

"I've suspected for some time that people were tired of us," said Pinchbug, gloomily.

"Keep your hair on," said Stiffy, carelessly. "I know my biznai. Everything is rum in this school, you swine, you fat piffler you! We are here to show the world the real British school-boy; and we'll do it if we have to drop every 'g' in the English language."

Thereupon they went out



"Like Love, Patriotism will always find a way. Mein host! The day we celebrate!"

and licked two boys who had been bullying a fag after the good, old English fashion.

"Oh, you beastly cads!" they said. "We want to jape with you. Don't blub. Here's a giddy jest. You two hulkin' swine have been bullyin' Snobsy. We will give you head knuckles, corkscrew and brush drills. Make him an Ag, Ag, O'Sweeney. Are you devilish humble, you giddy Narcissus? Shove your head in an ulster and blub. Oh! what a liar you are!"

Thus they talked in their cheerful way, so entertaining to American readers, and then went away to walk in the rain, until they got properly soaked. Then they returned to a hardy repast of bread, cold mutton and tea, and were ready for evening prayers.

Two days later there was a cricket match, sixty-seven on a side, and all the school got black eyes. The occasion was graced by the presence of seventeen graduates of the school, who had all been to India and come back covered with medals for gallantry.

At the very end of the term Stiffy & Bros. of course had to get into trouble again. They incited the boys to cheer the Head, and that so exasperated him that he proceeded to lick the whole school.

Nothing finer in English history could be conceived than this scene. There stood the Head with a bundle of canes; here came the boys all dressed for departure. First the Head gave each boy his travel money, and then caned him on the back and legs. Never was there a finer illustration of British customs. American boys would have joined together and pitched the Head into the ocean, but these three hundred British youth, led by Stiffy & Bros., cheered the great man until all the paint fell off of the school buildings.

Sidney.

THE ONLY SOLUTION.

MRS. ISOLATE (of Lonelyville, at 6 a. m., elatedly).—Ferdinand! our new girl is up and moving about the kitchen!

MR. ISOLATE (warningly).—Hush, Amabel! We must not startle her! She is certainly a somnambulist, and is walking in her sleep!

ON THE LINKS.

"The idioms of the game have their limitations."

"Yes; when a man misses a stroke he talks just the same as if he had hit his thumb with a hammer."

HE REPORTS.

"Why don't you go to work?" she asked, scornfully.

"Madam," replied the wayfarer, haughtily, "I don't have to."

And he went his way.

THE TROUBLE

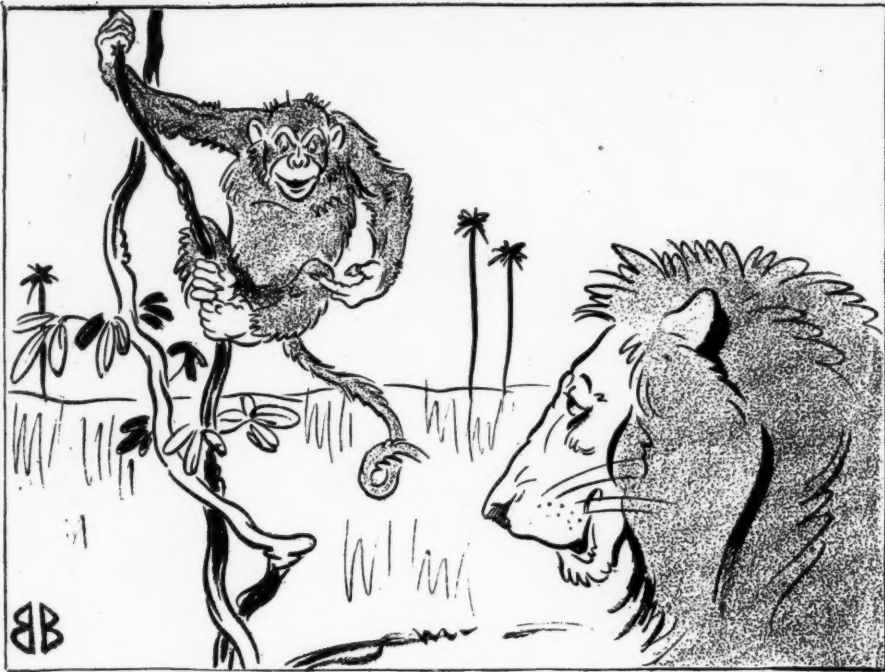
with self-made men getting into our best society is that they are mostly made in this country.



ONE OF MANY.

"You are not very fond of surf bathing, are you?" asked her friend.

"Not very," replied the girl in the bathing suit. "My affection for salt water is merely platonic."



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ALL HANDS ON DECK.

THE LION.—So you've been elected treasurer of the Jungle, eh? But the salary is n't so much to rejoice about, is it?

THE MONK.—No; but all the public funds pass through my hands, and, remember, I have four hands!

A SIGH FROM THE CITY.



N FANCY I see her straying
Where the sands and the waters meet
In a glistening gown of gossamer
Dainty, cool-clad and sweet;
And the wandering wind is tumbling
Her tresses uncontrolled
Till in floating, golden tendrils
Her face is aureoled.

And I envy those who idle
In knickerbockered ease
Beside so divine a despot
In sound of the Summer seas.
'T is theirs to be near her, hear her,
To wait on her lightest whim,
A grateful glance their guerdon
From eyes blue as ocean's brim.

I, too, in that light have lingered,
The privileged one of all,
Here on the very seashore—
Where now her footsteps fall.
Ah! those halcyon days are over
And relentless fate now wills
I should be her town-bound husband,
The man behind the—bills!

E. D. Pierson.

AMONG THE many admirable ways of making enemies none is more successful than showing a person that you have no respect for his good opinion of himself.



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HER SINCERITY TO BE DOUBTED.

"Dear Jack, I do wish you were here this very minute—"

THE LOWEST LIMIT.

"Mr. Gibbs," said the local editor to the newest reporter, who had laid an account of a fire upon his superior's desk.

"Yes, sir."

"This—er—conflagration you have been writing about—at Tenderloin's butcher-shop—what was the total loss?"

"About thirty-two dollars, sir."

"Then take the article and re-write it. No fire can be called a conflagration in the Bungtown *Genius of Liberty* unless the loss amounts to at least thirty-five dollars."

A VICTIM OF THE HOT SPELL.

ISAACS.—I nefer saw Rosenstein so mooch affected by der heat.

COHENSTEIN.—He vos n't prosdraded, vos he?

ISAACS.—Choost apoud der same t'ing. He said it vos too hot to do peeze.

[T MAY not be on record, but it is probable that when Noah told his wife it was going to rain for forty days and nights, she began to throw out hints how dreadfully unfashionable her old mackintosh was getting to look.



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A CORKER.

STRANGER.—What is the baby's name?

GIRL.—Miles Dewey Roosevelt Schley Hobson Funston Smith.

STRANGER.—Ah! Is that all?

GIRL.—Oh, no!—her first name is Gertrude!

A PESSIMIST.

FIRST POPULIST.—I'm afraid our party 'll never amount to much.

SECOND POPULIST.—Why not?

FIRST POPULIST.—Well, when times is bad, the rank and file is too poor to contribute anything to the campaign fund; and when times is good, they're too prosperous to vote the ticket.

TOO MANY men with bright futures before them are walking backward.

PROBABLY ADAM would never have got married if he had had to stand up in church with a frock-coat on before one thousand people and go through a ten-minute ceremony that seemed like two hours.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE RIVAL DRUMMERS. WE HAVE not been too busy to do business, it seems, even in a year overflowing with war and the side-affairs of war. We have become so used to seeing Uncle Sam in fighting clothes, rescuing oppressed Cubans, making good Filipinos out of bad ones and maintaining a general Fourth-of-July attitude the year round that to find he has steadily figured also as a commercial agent is no small surprise. Truly, his versatility is marked. A late Treasury report tells of his success in taking orders. The exportation of manufactures in the fiscal year just ended has averaged more than one million dollars for each day of the year. And this figure shows a remarkable increase, too. It has more than doubled in the last six years, more than trebled since 1880, more than quadrupled since 1870, and is more than eight times as large as it was in 1860. And, what is still more remarkable, we are meeting our ancient trade enemy, John Bull, and beating him on his own ground. We are now taking orders he used to take for his very own specialties in the Soudan, in South Africa, in Australia, India, China and Japan. This is a kind of war that even the anti-imperialists will cheer. It is now in order for the high-tariff fiend to inquire if we do not at last concede the merits of Protection. Well, let him ask, and we'll make him wish he had n't.

WHAT ARE TRUSTS WITHOUT A MOTHER? EXPERTS IN genealogy are wrangling about the antecedents of the Trust. Mr. Havemeyer started the fuss. He went and left the Trust baby on the doorstep of the tariff. The result has been scandal in the Republican family. And there is more or less dissension, too. For, while the alleged mother indignantly denies the charge, many of her once warmest champions eye her askance and freely recite suspicions of her guilt. It will come to be known in time, however, that Mr. Havemeyer's charge is baseless. The fact that there are trusts unsupported by the tariff is enough to refute it. Mr. Havemeyer's own statement was absurdly contradictory, inasmuch as he emphatically disclaimed any tariff support for the sugar Trust. And for further proof we need only look to free-trade England and her Trusts. The truth is that the mother of the Trust is Evolution. The customs tariff has been responsible for some of its misbehavior, but she is not its mother; she has been no more than a very tender-hearted step-mother.

REFINING OUR ISLANDERS. THOSE WEST Indian Islanders don't civilize as readily as some of the more fastidious of us had hoped. But it was fatuous to expect reform in a day. We must remember that bull-fighting has been the favorite sport of them and their ancestors for many centuries, and we should not marvel to find them stoutly enamored of it to-day. Only patience coupled with judicious missionary methods will wean them from their brutality. We must first show them that we have something better to take its place. For the mere taking of animal life which bull-fighting involves we could substitute pigeon shooting. No doubt they would accept it with delight, for we slaughter a thousand pigeons in our sport where they kill one bull in theirs. And

for the element of adventure there is foot-ball. It kills six men a year on an average and maims for life four or five times as many more; or prize-fighting, which, while furnishing fewer fatalities, is superior in interest, excitement and refinement and enjoys the enthusiastic support of all classes. As a first step in civilization, preliminary to the actual prohibition of bull-fighting, it might be well to provide that entrance to Sunday bull-fights be only through a side-door, and that the legal fiction be created, as in our own prize-fighting law, that the contest between the bull and the toreador is purely one of science. It would make no difference to the bull and it might be the means of germinating our own brand of civic morality among those poor degraded people. We must go slowly if we are to elevate them to our own ethical standard in the matter of sports.

"NEWSPAPER HONESTY." WE WONDER if the editor of *The Journal and Tribune* of Knoxville, Tenn., is a Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde sort of party? In his issue of June 21st his leading editorial is entitled "Newspaper Honesty" and he therein voices sentiments that do him credit. The editor that steals another editor's printed stuff, he thinks, deserves to be ranked with the umbrella thief. "Such editors imagine that their readers will never catch on to their tricks," he says, "but they are mistaken; the truth will leak out by-and-by." A baleful green light is thrown upon this virtuous sentiment, however, by the circumstance that on the day previous this same editor filched a whole big poem from PUCK and printed it as an original contribution to his own paper. We agree with him as to the morals involved. They are lynching people down South every day who would n't do a thing like that. And if the *Journal and Tribune* man ever comes North and wants to borrow our umbrella he will have to show that the Dr. Jekyll half of his personality is running things before he gets it.

POSSIBLY.

"Why did Spain sell the Caroline Islands?"
"No further use for islands—owner going out of business."

HAD TO REVISE HIS OPINION.

"Did you ever see a prize-fight?"
"Never. I thought I had until I read Chief Devery's testimony."

THE FACT that Expansion gives us a finger in another pie or two ought to appeal to Senator Hoar's New England prejudices.

IT is being whispered about that Edward Atkinson is pained by the insinuation that he is not patriotic. He is all right, he says, tearfully, but the Dictionary is mistaken.



DESIRED, BUT NOT EXPECTED.

EMPLOYMENT AGENT.—You want a cook who would appreciate a comfortable home and good wages?
MRS. HOLMES.—Yes. In the meantime, send me—a cook!

FOOT-BALL



PIGEON SHOOTING



SIX DAY
BICYCLE RACE



THE MOTE IN OUR

UNCLE SAM. — Stop this brutal and degrading sport! You Cubans and Porto

PUCK.

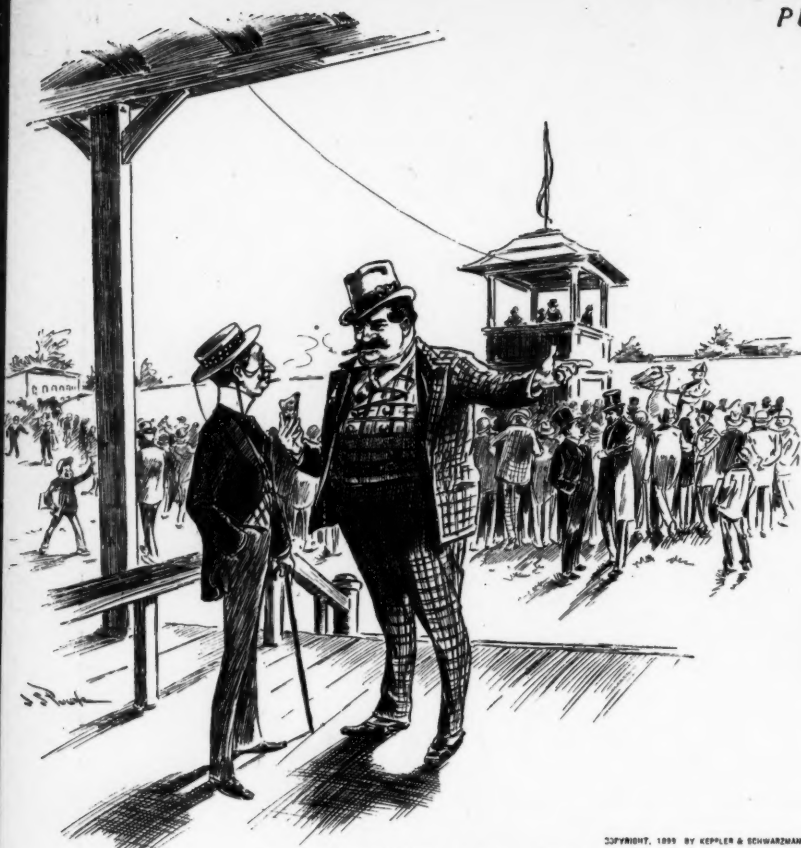
PRIZE FIGHTING



IN OUR NEIGHBOR'S EYE.

Cubans and Porto Ricans must learn to be content with our own refining and civilized sports!

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QUEERING THE RING.

STRANGER.—I say, friend, would you mind straying into the betting-ring and putting this tenner on Slambang for me?
 ALGY.—Certainly; he's even money, I believe?
 STRANGER.—Just so; but as soon as the bookies see you playing him they'll mark him up 100 to 1, and then I'll ring in!

MR. J. BULL UNIONJACK'S LETTER TO LONDON.

ON THE ANNEXATION OF CANADA.

VELL, I SEE," said Mr. Schwarzenkopf, a little maliciously, "we ain't getting along kvite so vell mit de Anglo-Saxons in Canada as mit der vuns ofer in London."

"Oh!" said I, "the differences with Canada are not important. Of course, I'm sorry both sides have been so unyielding."

"The throuble wid thim Canucks," said Mulligan, "is thot they have n't got anny sinse an' niver had. I'm tould that whin our ancesthors wor foightin' an' dyin' to free this glorious country from the enslavin' tyranny av Great Britain—don't luk at me thot way, Schwarzenkopf; ye know 't is our ancesthors be adoption Oi mane—whin they wor foightin' an' doyin', as Oi say, they gev thim Canucks an invitation to jine wid thim an' help to lay the corner-stone av the greatest Raypublic on the face av the airth. An' thim everlastin' chumps wud n't do it! Oh! if Oireland had the luck to have sich a chanst as thot—if Oireland had the luck, at thot toime to be on the roight place on the map! An' from that day to this, whin they moight come in anny day an' be resayved wid open arrums an' cud have the blissid privilege av tearin' down the bloody British flag—no offence, Mистер Unionjack—an' substichootin' wan that's a dale purtier to look at an' thot's ivery bit as good as it looks—whin they moight be castin' their electoral vote for the President av the United Shtates an' cilibratin' his election wid j'y an' beginnin' to find fault wid him the day after—an' they prayfer to shtick to the Quane—bad cess to thim!"



PLACING THE BLAME.

DEACON SKINNER.—Wal, Silas, our church got struck by lightning last night, and it'll cost fifty dollars to repair the steeple!
 DEACON GRINDER.—Wal, then, by heifer! we'll take it out uv the parson's salary! I knew suthin' or other would happen after them free and easy sermons he's been preaching lately!

"Ja," said Schwarzenkopf; "dey are chost like der Feeleepeenos—dey don't vant to come into der Union because dey don't know vot's good for dem. I haf my obinion of beople vot is right in der neighborhood undt could valk right in undt be citizens of der United Shtates undt would radder be foreigners."

"Oh! it would n't be quite so easy as that," said I. "Old England would have something to say on the subject."

"Faith, she wud," said Mulligan. "She'd talk an' jabber an' protest at a great rate, an' she'd buy munitions av war an' assimble floyin' squadrons an' hould meetin's an' pass risolutions an' the London papers'd have big headlines loike "John Bull Firrum an' Defiant" an' "Salisbury Aiger to Foight" an' "Uncle Sam Backs down"—sich things as nobody in their sober sinces ud belave, an' the Orrish mumberers av Parliament ud be demandin' be what roight the British Gover'mint prayshumed to intherfere. Faith, Old England ud have plinty to say. But Oi'm thinkin'," said Mulligan, shaking his head dolefully, "there ud be no scrap, after all. Whin the toime comes for Canady to be annexed Oi'm afear'd it'll be done peacefully," he sighed.

"I vunder," said Schwarzenkopf, "if England would exschange Canada for der Philippines."

"An' if she wud," said Mulligan, "Oi'd be ag'in makin' the thrade; not only because it's a safe rule to be ag'in annything England wants, but loikewise because there's no raisin why we shud n't have Canady an' the Philippines both. If she'd exchange Oireland, now—"

"If she vould," said Schwarzenkopf, "it vould be hard to tell which vould be getting rid of der most trouble."

"Mr Mulligan," said I, "if the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples were standing shoulder to shoulder against a common foe, vould you be loyal to the alliance?"

"Oi'd be l'yal," said Mulligan. "to wan ind av it. It'd be this way.

We'll suppose that the foorces was dhrawn up in ordher av battle, wid the American Aigle an the roight wing an' the British Lion an the lift wing. Thim Oi'd hope an' pray thot the lift wing'd get onmarcifully licked; an' thim Oi'd hope an' pray that the roight wing'd be entirety an' completely victor'ous, an' ud annihilate the common inimy as you call thim, includin' such av thim as ud be after annihilatin' the lift wing. An' let no man say thim sintiments is unpathriotic, for what cud be more glorious than fer the American Aigle to do the job that was cut out for both av thim—more espayshally after the British lion had gev up his part an' tur-rned tail?"

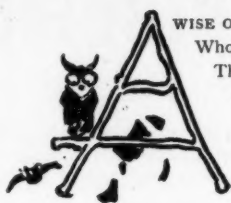
It was at this stage of the proceedings that I struck Mulligan. After we had been separated and had cooled off he said that he would have had a poor opinion of me if I had n't.



PUCKOGRAPHS.—VIII.

ONE MAN WHO THINKS THE GERRY SOCIETY IS ALL RIGHT.

A VICTIM TO ADVICE.



WISE OLD man was Ebenezer Barr,
Who always tried to do as he was bid;
They said, "Go, hitch your wagon to a star"—
And Ebenezer did.

But, oh! what trials he had to endure
When that cantankerous star he tried to
drive!

It would have been a marvel, I am sure,
Had he come out alive.

For of the science of astronomy
So ignorant was Ebenezer Barr,
He made an awful blunder, and, you see,
He chose a shooting star.

And though he sat up firmly in his place,
Determined he would conquer his wild steed,
That star went plunging madly into space
At more than lightning speed.

Of course the poor old fellow was thrown out;—
His was a fearful fate; and they do say
That Ebenezer was, without a doubt,
Drowned in the milky way.

Carolyn Wells.

HAM.

In the seclusion of the green room, Boothington de Courcey, the
juvenile, declared his love and asked Genevieve Butterfield, the leading
emotional, to be his wife.

"No," she answered, coldly; "you are only a ham!"

"Then with you, too," he exclaimed, in evident chagrin, "it is the
whole hog or nothing!"

The next day the sheriff attached their trunks, and in the confusion
they drifted apart.

A DRIVE.

"The golf player," said the captious critic,
"may be born, but his clothes are fearfully and
wonderfully made."

YEARS OF DISCRETION.

Years of discretion surely are
Life's sweet completion,—
Yet willful Fate delights to mar,
For when we reach them there's a jar:
The years are more apparent, far,
Than the discretion!

Madeline S. Bridges.

CARRIED HIS POINT.

"I object," said the young attorney, "to the
characterization of my client as a midnight marauder.
The evidence shows that he committed the burglary at half-past one."
The objection was sustained.

EMANCIPATED WOMAN.

"We got ahead of those horrid, old stuck-up 'Daughters of Freedom'!"
"What did you do, Theodosia?"
"Why, we named our organization the 'Daughters of More Freedom.'"



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AT THE DRUGGIST'S WINDOW.

"Is n't it a shame that moth-balls are not good to eat?"
"How absurd, Mabel! Why?"
"They look so good and are only five cents a pound!"

HE DID N'T NEED A SUPERINTENDENT.

MRS. PECK.—God created the universe—the world, animals and
man; and last of all He created woman, as a grand climax. If she is not
superior to man, why was she created last?

HENNY PECK.—Well, my dear, I suppose—er—that He wanted to
be able to attend to the whole affair of creation Himself.

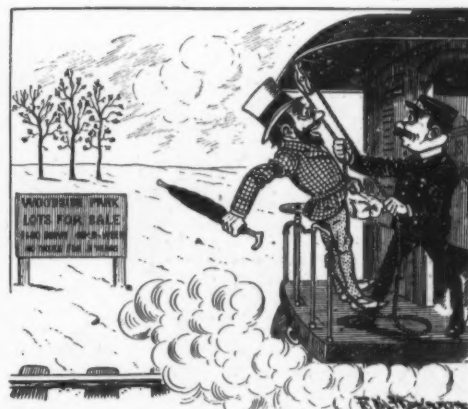
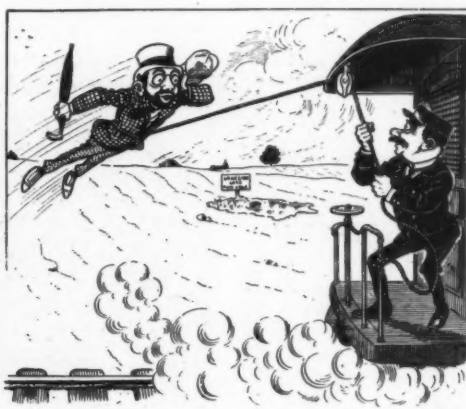
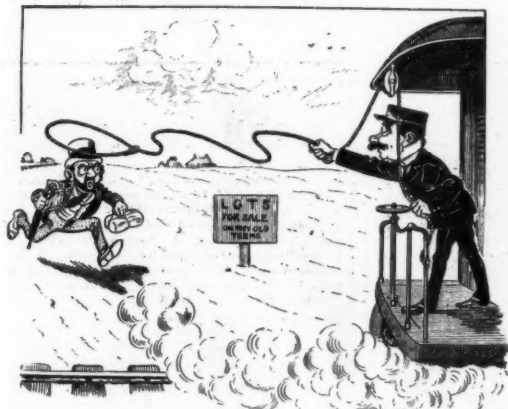
USUALLY THE CASE.

"Jones seems afraid to think for himself."
"Yes; and he makes very poor selections in-choosing the people who
think for him."

IT is a good deal easier to reconcile yourself to a disappointment if
other people don't know you have been disappointed.

NONE LEFT NOW.

PUCK'S PATENT ARRANGEMENT FOR BELATED SUBURBANITES.



"Thanks!"

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WHEN BUTTONS you choose,
This knowledge don't
lose:
Comfort and ease
Is what will please.

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Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore Md.

HE.—Was it a high
fever your husband
had?

SHE.—Well, we did
n't think so until the
doctor sent in his bill.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FIGURES do not lie,
unless they are lay
figures.—*Yale Record.*



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only 5 cents we will start you with an Album
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A BOOK is never
quite satisfactory to a
woman unless its con-
clusion leaves the
heroine in the hero's
arms.—*Atchison Globe.*

LIGHT verse might
be written in gas-
meter.—*L. A. W. Bul-
letin.*

If you have found out
that your cigars "are not what
they used to be," try a bundle of

VAN BIBBER Little Cigars

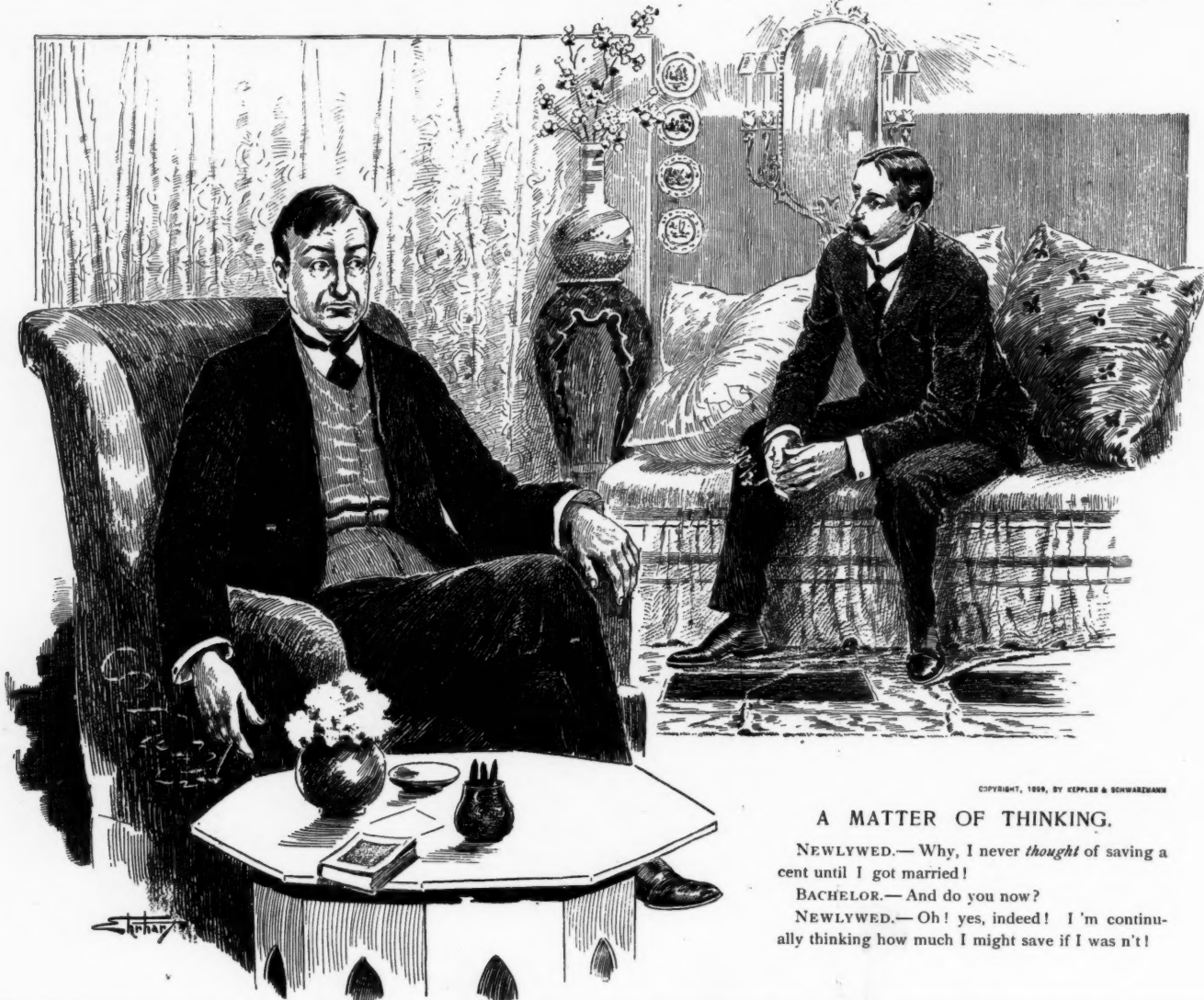
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pouch, by return mail, prepaid anywhere,
at same price (in postage stamps), direct
from factory.

A Solid Silver curved box worth \$15.00 made to
hold 10 Van Bibber Little Cigars given FREE!
Write for fac-simile booklet of all particulars.

H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor.



A MATTER OF THINKING.

NEWLYWED.—Why, I never *thought* of saving a
cent until I got married!

BACHELOR.—And do you now?

NEWLYWED.—Oh! yes, indeed! I'm continu-
ally thinking how much I might save if I was n't!

ANYONE can sit on a jury, but it
takes a lawyer to sit on a witness. —
L. A. W. Bulletin.

ANY man can be a philosopher if
he only thinks enough about his own
foolishness.—*Atchison Globe.*

"Bilious and blue"—synonymous terms changed to
"brightness and beauty" when Abbott's, the Original
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Druggist.

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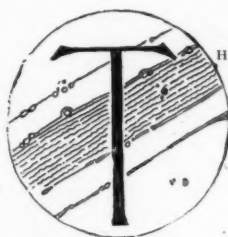


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UP TO THE TIMES.

MR. BROWN.—So your sewing society is making up articles for the heathen Filipinos? What under heaven are you making for them?

MRS. BROWN.—Well, we are making a combination article that can be used as a shirt, a flag of truce or a gun-swab.



LUM-TE-TUM.

THE LITTLE poems that we read
Are "good" and "bad" and "fair,"
And some of them supply a need,
While others make us swear.
But there's a poem that ends like this,
That has a factory hum,
Which chronicles some state of bliss
When Gladys lum-te-tum!

The form is usually the same,
And so 's the little thought,
And both of them are very tame:
They've been a long time caught.
The name 's, of course, the thing that stirs.
If Gladys does n't, some
Kind poets tell what thing occurs
If Phyllis lum-te-tum.

O Poets! why not modify
Your automatic touch?
Throughout write lum-te-tum te-ty.
These words mean just as much.
Just say, te-tum te-lum tum-te,
No matter what may come;
And, then, how happy we shall be

When	Gladys	lum te tum.
	Phyllis	
	Dora	
	Sarah	
	Polly	
	Bessie	
	Flora	
Sadie		
Hilda		

Tom Masson.

IN FRANCE.

"Parbleu! François, why is it that it is that you do not join in the acclamations with which the people are hailing the hero of the hour?"

"Mon Dieu! Unhappily, yesterday I joined with so much vehemence in the execrations the people were heaping upon him that I can scarcely speak aloud to-day!"

It is quite like the average Frenchman to surrender himself to the impulses of the moment that way, thinking nothing of the future.

SAVING UNNECESSARY WORDS.

PIKERR.—I was at the races yesterday, and—

RIKERR (*interrupting*).—Sorry, old man, but I'm broke, myself.

VERY LIKELY the Philippines are a jewel added to our diadem, as stated; they are acting a good deal like an opal, just now.

SOME DAY, perhaps, the Kaiser will put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth, and then he will understand that heaven is not necessarily with him in all things.

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212 State St., Chicago.

BILL.—The island of Luzon has the same area as Ohio.

JILL.—I hope to gracious it has n't as many office-seekers! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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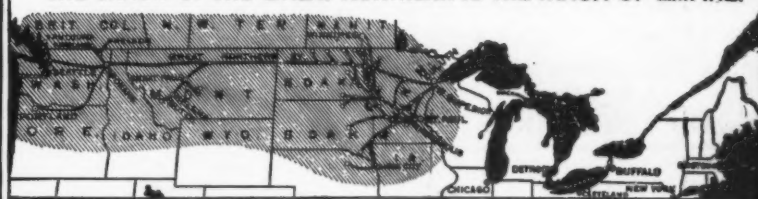
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ACTIONS LIE louder than words.

One swallow does not make a summer.
He loves best who loves last.
Happiness is always a memory or an anticipation.
People who live in glass houses should n't live within a stone's-throw of each other.
Too many cooks boil the broth.
Virtue is its own Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a bald crown.
The woman who is lost, deliberates.

Contentment is always on the next step above.

A cynic is a man who looks at the world with a monocle in his mind's eye.

A critic is a necessary evil, and criticism is an evil necessity.

Flirtation flouts at love, and love flouts at flirtation.

A little boxer is a dangerous thing.

Pegasus is often urged on by the spur of the moment.

A blunder at the right moment is better than cleverness at the wrong time.

Carolyn Wells.



A LONG-FELT WANT.

STRANGER (in Frozen Dog).—A friend of mine from Boston started a paper here last year to fill a long-felt want.

NATIVE.—Yes; and it was just what the community needed! Every time Tough Tomkins and Bronco Bill gets full now, instead of shooting at inoffensive citizens they goes up and licks the editor.

PLEASING QUALITIES IN MAN.

"Which suitor are you going to accept, Clarissa?"

"I can't decide, to save me, Ma, which I like best; — Harry is so timid, and Jack is so persistent."

TWO LOYAL CLASSES.

REUBEN RAILFENCE.—It's true that farmin' is a perfession that is sorter looked down on. All these here rich men and perfessional men, an' the dudes an' sports in the cities poke fun at the farmers every chance they git.

SAMUEL STUBBLE.—Yes; sometimes it seems that about the only fellers that do appear to like us are the bunco men and political speakers.

HIS OPINION.

JONES (who plays seldom).—I should think croquet players would become confirmed gamblers.

MALLETT (who plays often).—Why?

JONES.—Well, I don't see how they can get interested in the game unless they have bets on the results.

RAVENOUS.

"Tompkins is inclined to be a glutton, is n't he?"

"I should say so! Why, he eats as much as the average small boy!"



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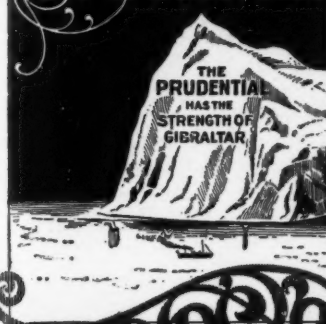
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GREEN.—How did she strike you as a golf player?
STICKNEY.—It was n't me she struck; it was the caddie.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

The One Bicycle

which has for many years continued to largely increase its popularity, in spite of competition and price, is the

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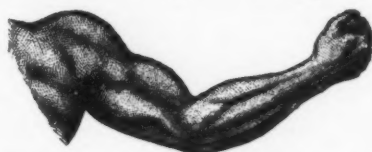
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Learn what good whiskey is. The majority of men who drink whiskey don't know what they are taking into their stomachs. You are very particular as to what you eat, but any old whiskey, as long as it tastes good, is satisfactory. Suppose you take the advice of some one who makes whiskey and has a reputation for honesty and truthfulness. Ask any fair-minded dealer what kind of a whiskey the "W W W" is, and what kind of a reputation the firm have who make it.

BILL.—The fellow has some very good ideas.
JILL.—Yes; he must have a lot of bright friends.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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can be enlarged one inch and wrist strengthened 50 per cent. IN ONE MONTH by using the

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Pure Rye

IF YOU ARE WISE BE CAREFUL

WHERE WHEN AND WHAT

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Whiskey.

ANGELO MYERS.

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WOULD N'T TRUST HIM.

MAJOR FULLBUMPER (candidate for Congress).—My dear fellow, how are you?
How is your wife? And your little ones, how are they?
BARTENDER (gingerly).—Now, hold on, Major! I've always voted for you and I always will, but I would n't trust you for a drink, if that's what you're after; not even if you asked me how my grandmother was!

When your appetite deserts you, just try 10 to 20 drops of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters in sherry or port wine before meals.

MEN may be born with fortunes ready made, but character they have to achieve.—*Ram's Horn*.

When it's hot take Vin Mariani, (Mariani Wine) with cracked ice. It refreshes, nourishes, stimulates and sustains. All druggists.

NO MAN says all he means, and no woman means all she says.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SHOW that women have a foolish habit, and they will say you are not respectful to them.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE reason why a young pig eats so much is because he wants to be a hog.—*Princeton Tiger*.

ALMOST IMPOLITE.

"What do you consider the greatest object of interest in America?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"Well," answered the lecturer, "I arrived here yesterday, and—"

"Of course," she exclaimed, apologetically, "I meant the greatest object of interest next to yourself!" — *Washington Star*.

A WILD GUESS.

"The pillows in this boarding-house are the hardest I ever struck," complained the new boarder at the breakfast table. "I wonder what they are made of?"

"Perhaps," said the star-boarder, "of feathers from a tailor's goose." — *Detroit Free Press*.

BILL.—It's hard to understand some women.

JILL.—Why?

BILL.—The other day a woman in a Brooklyn court refused to kiss the Bible, but caressed her pet dog a dozen times while on the witness stand.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MANY good people prefer to take all the risks themselves, rather than let the church catch any disease from the root of all evil.—*Ram's Horn*.



MAKING HIM USEFUL.

AUNT CLARA. — Oh, Mr. Sappington, I am so glad you called! I want to take baby's picture laughing. Won't you please stand over there where he can see you?